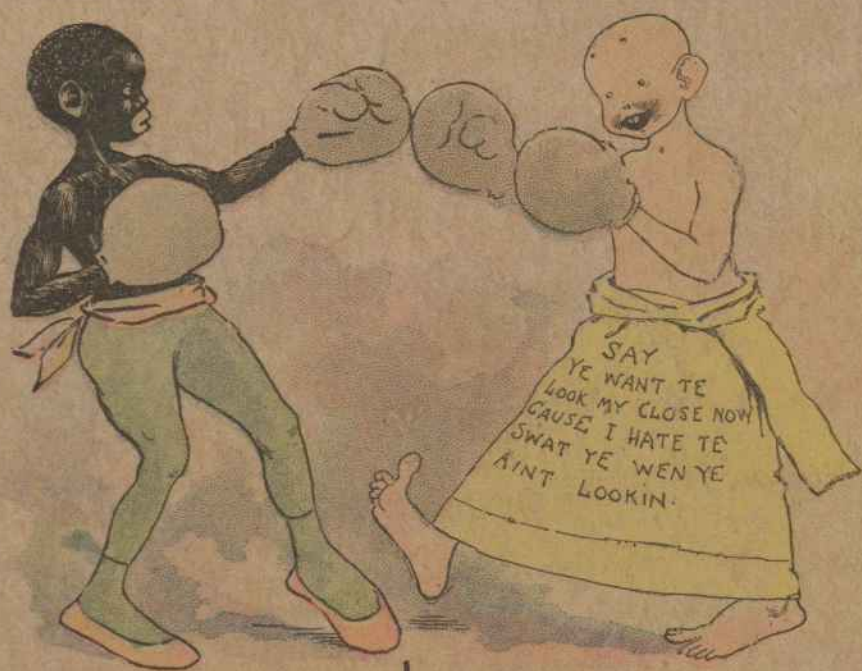
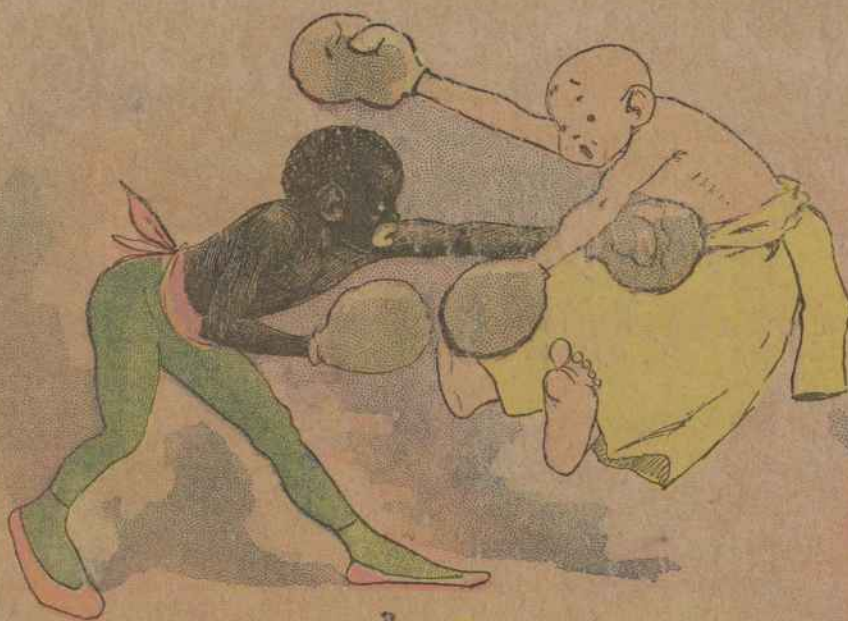


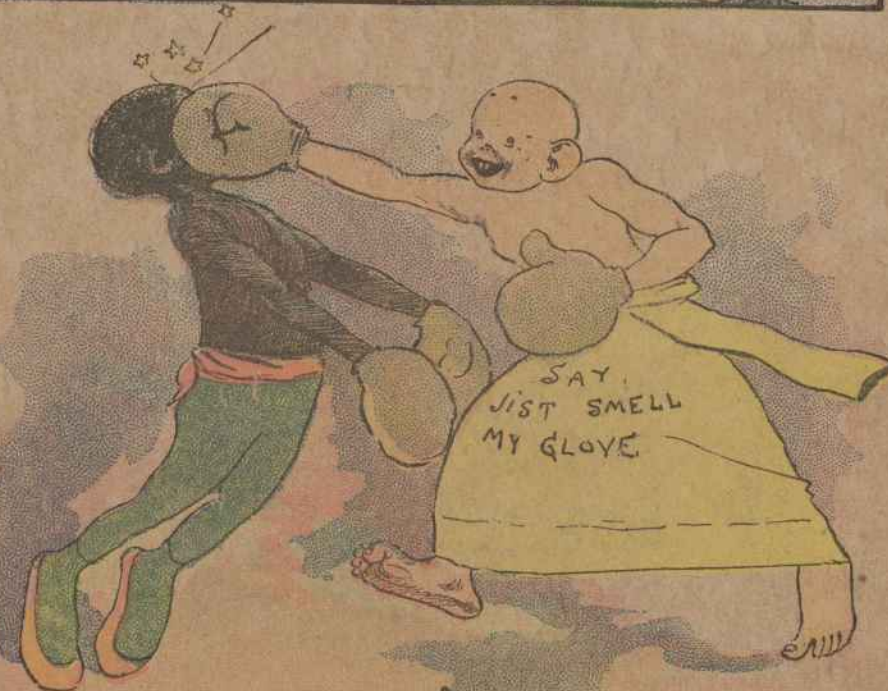
THE YELLOW KID'S GREAT FIGHT.



1
Dere was joy down in McFadden's Flats.
Dere wuz happiness, dat's right.
Eer de nigger an' de Yeller Kid wuz goin' te have a fight;
De bote of dem wuz fadder weights, de kid weighed 19 pounds,
De nigger stripped at twenty, an' de fight wuz fer 10 rounds.
De ring wuz in de court yard, an' all de mugs wuz dere,
De Mullens an' de Doolans, an' say, de ring wuz square.



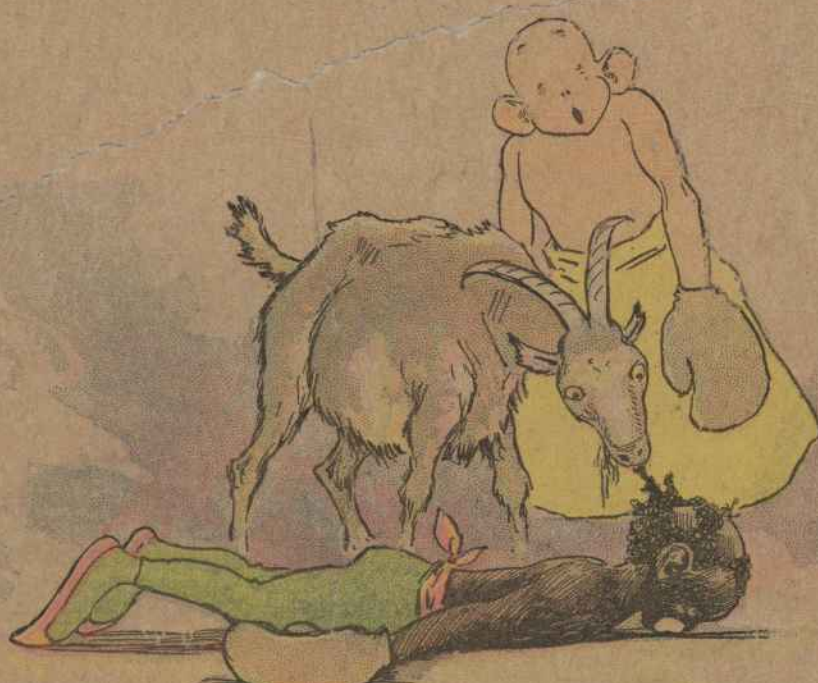
2
Young Arter Moore were referee, dey had some guys to rub,
Like Eddie Dep an' Patty Lynch, from d' New York Athletic Club.
De time wuz called at 8 o'clock, de scrappers took dere place;
De Yeller Kid den upper cut de coon right near his face;
De coon let go his left and ketched de kid between de slats,
An' let de sawdust outen him muss up de carpet mats.



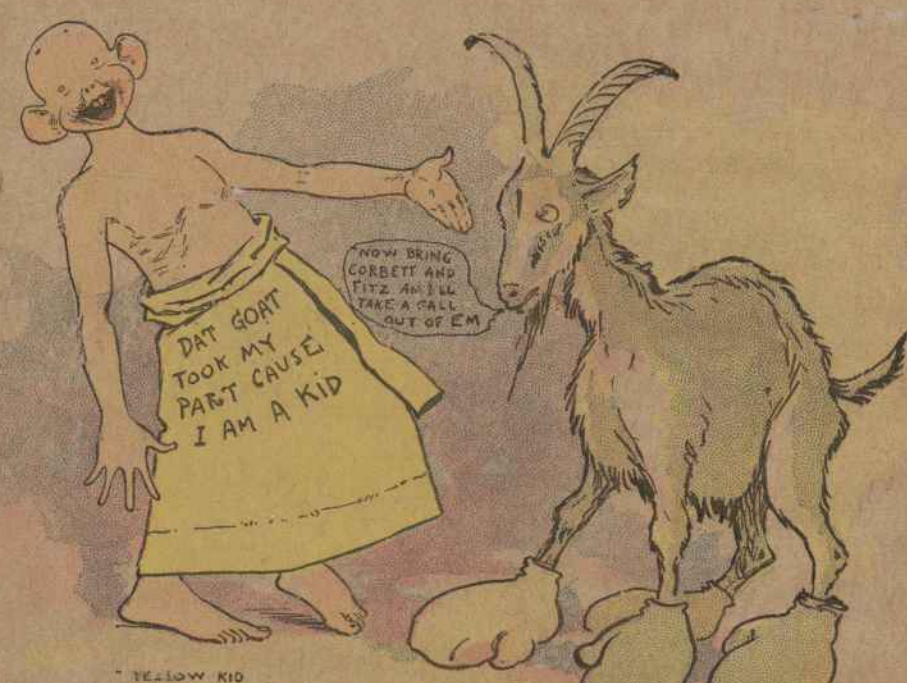
3
But den de kid cum up agin wit mussle fer to melt,
He trun his right and smashed de coon a corker where he smelt;
An' den dey clinched, de coon he ducl'ed to put de kid in two,
When Hogan's goat jumps too, an' says an' says dat nigger blue,
First he turns a somersault, den spits on his paw,
Den he dislocated de bote of dat coon's jaws.



4
Den he broke dat nigger's wind, den he closed his peeps,
Den de coon laid down an' took two or tree big sleeps.



5
Den dat goat et all de wool right off dat nigger's mut,
Den he chucked him too de ropes wit one small dinky butt.



6
"YELLOW KID
COPYRIGHTED 1896
R. F. DUTCHMAN"

Den de goat put on de gloves, says he, dey's no one in it, butt;
So bring dat Fitz an' Corbett here; I'll lick 'em in a minute!
JOE KERR.

CUT HERE.

CHORUS

They whisked their tails and ran a - long, A sing - ing a fa - mil - iar
The rac - coon had no time to look, They were seek - ing a qui - et
Mis - ter Coon talked back in a eas - sy way, He pro - posed to stay right
He won't go chas - ing a - gain so' soon, Nor whisk a - round with an

rac - coon song, And no one'd thought that couple fore long, Would frisk no
sha - dy nook, And no i - dea that their goose was cooked, Had these poor
there and play, I'm 'fraid he'll al ways rue the day, That he sassed that
an - known coon, But all by himself by the light of the moon, He'll frisk a

more. —
coons. —
bee. —
lone. —

(After last verse only.)

more. —
coons. —
bee. —
lone. —

The Raccoon & the Bee

words and music
by
Edward S. Ables

AS SUNG by
Miss Giron
&
Mr. Ables

IN
My
Friend
from
India.

PUBLISHED BY
PERMISSION
OF
M. WHITMARK,
& SON.
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

H. B. Eddy